



Sinners' Requiem



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Chapter 1 by Katherine Sun

Stealthily hugging the walls in the shadows, I pulled my hood farther over my head. He was walking 5 meters ahead, laughing at what someone had said on the phone. His disgusting laughter echoed in my head, and I tightened my fists. I bit my lip. I did nothing.

He walked for far too long-I was beginning to think he knew i was here. But he didn't call me out and didn't run away. It was like watching a bug crawl about before crushing it with your fingers.

I was about to rush forward when he stopped at an apartment complex. His relaxed stride came to a halt, and he just looked up at room 330. It began to rain and people were hurrying to take shelter, but he just stood there, head raised as if looking for stars. His malicious mouth began to frown, and I was confused. He seemed to be...?

He sobbed and fell to his knees. "I'm sorry, Siera, it wasn't supposed to happen. I didn't mean it..."

I stared at this pitiful man before breaking out of my stupor and walking up to him. Slowly, I made my way to his side. He looked at my shoes and said nothing. Nothing, until I pulled out my dagger.

Chapter 2 by Glendo



Far off in the distance, a church bell mournfully tolled.

I pointed the dagger's sharp blade towards the man, who could not bring himself to look up. His eyes were fixed on my shoes, his mouth desperately trying to form words but not finding any.

He settled for the first coherent mumbling that departed from his lips.

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"Who are you?"

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I responded with cold silence. The dagger did not move from its position, eager to perform a lethal strike.

The bell sounded again.

"I asked you a question," he continued, feigning confidence. Such a transparent act it was. After all, he was the one on his knees, and he still wouldn't even glance upwards.

"I'm the one you called for." Beneath my hood, I smiled, though I knew the man would not notice. I tightened my grip around the handle of the dagger. The blade was ghostly white, the full moon's glow trapped within.

The man shook his head. His ignorance churned inside of me alongside his fate; the two seemed perfectly paired, both easy to dispose of. Even so, I had to be patient, just like the others.

People nearby were all clad with umbrellas now, the rain performing a grim, ceaseless dance. I knew they could not see me. I was safe. The man, however, that wretch of a man, was most certainly not.

Another toll from the bell reached our ears.

Confused, the man replied:

"I didn't call for you. I don't even know who you are-"

"But I know who you are." My smile morphed into a grin as I felt the end drawing closer for him.

"And I know about how you betrayed Siera. You can't hide anything from me."

My response had the crippling effect on the man I had hoped it would. He shot his gaze straight above him, his crazed eyes- eyes that were still marred from his tears- locking onto mine. He opened his mouth to speak-

The bell rang once again.

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'And you did call for me,' I continued, calling for me from the minute you began walking this road. I know you called very loudly, I couldn't miss it. So I came.

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The man sceptically glanced around the street; my final statement had been lost on him. That said, the man had been lost as soon as he made his choice. It was only a matter of time...

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The choir began to sing a requiem. They were always early. I sat alone on a pew at the back, flicking through a Bible as I waited. The parts about brimstone and fiery lakes never ceased to amuse me; it was the least that the wretches deserved...

I checked my watch. The bell was going to ring at any moment now.

Best not to keep them waiting.

I stood, pulled up my hood, and readied my scythe.

It was going to be an interesting night this time...

*

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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